THOSE who cherish the belief that the national debt is a national blessing will rejoice in the fact that it increased more than \$6,000,000 during August.

THE British sealers go on sealing and stealing. Where is that boasted vigorous foreign policy which was to twist loudly?

It is said Treasurer Huston proposes to go back to the system of bookkeeping and public debt statement in vogue when the Cleveland administration took

A LAW for the protection of actors might or might not be a good thing. But there is no doubt regarding the merits of a law to protect the public from bad actors.

THE new law proposed by the Minneapolis convention is calculated to take bankruptcy from the catalogue of itis and place it among the lighter and more agreeable diversions of this not too jolly

THE King of Servin is said to be very angry because his kingdom can't afford to buy him a crown. No sympathy should be extended to His Majesty, for a monarch who would wear a crown fluring the recent hot weather ought not to have one.

THE Shah says the Kohinoor is an unlucky jewel, and to prove it recalis that the Queen lost her husband soon after acquiring the stone. It is feared that there are not a few murried women who would accept the Kohinoor even though they were certain that Queen Victoria's unhappy fate accompanied the gift.

THE Iowa farmers, in the convention of their Alliance at Des Moines, declared for many populars needs. They demanded the Australian ballot, equal taxation, lower rates on moneys loaned by the State, and a continued watchful regulation of the railways. The Alliance fixed upon Chicago as the place for the world's fair in 1892.

THE refusal of the Chicago big dressedmeat men to testify before the Senate Committee of Investigation is nothing new in similar inquiries by Congressional committees. It is not probable that any very serious consequence will result to the contumacious witnesses nor to the dressed-meat industry, nor to the country at large.

The latest phase of New York life is that of a man who has been supporting four children who were palmed off on him as his own, And yet that city professes to be a proper place for the World's Fair. Congressmen finding it difficult to support their own children will be chary of voting for such a

THE young woman who wants to go over Niagara falls in a barrel, alleging that she has had lots of adventures in the Tennessee mountains, will find that all the garter-snake frights she has experienced in that country will not be a patching on the way that she will feel when once the barrel gets a good start over the cataract.

ONE outgrowth of the big London strike is the renewed demand of laborers for an eight-hour day. The demand is being continually made coupled with that of the same or increased pay for the reduced number of hours. The main argument brought forward in its favor is that more men would find work if those already employed had less.

THE London strike of dock-workers is not a contest of labor against capital, but of labor against privilege. Those who keep down the pay of the workmen are not the ship-owners but they who possess the monopoly of the places of landing. New York has done better than London in that she owns her docks on the same principle that the highways and streets are public property.

Tun difference between English and American authorities in dealing with persons charged with crime is shown in he case of Mrs. Henrietta Cook, of Osborne county. Kan., who was confined for thirteen years in the State Penitentlary for poisoning her husband with arsenic. She has just been unconditionally pardoned on the evidence of two men who went hunting with her husand and who swore that he was in the habit of taking arsenic for heart

THE German naval forces which carried away King Malieton two years ago the Cameroons-notoriously un-althy islands—thence by steorage to x, and thence to the Marshall and underhanded a trick it was, a brought the poer, old brokening home to die. But it is no falieton's native land. True, he we, but not a footof the flamous realish. his land, for German, Edican symbolication own more than these is dry gro-And it was already the

When the chestnut burrs are opened, And the acorns drop like hall, and the drowsy air is startled With the thumping of the flail— Vith the drumming of the partridge, And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander. Through the jeweis of the year, From the yellow uplands calling, Seeking her who still is dear; She is near me in the autumn, She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer, When the weary wings are still, I can see her in the valley, I can here her on the hill, In the spiendor of the woodlands, In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and Heaven Meet, and mingle in the bitte; She can wander down the glory To the places that she knew, Where the happy lovers wandered In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest, And the world is wholly fair, She may sometimes steal upon me, Through the dimness of the air.

Once to her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast,
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last,
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumn of the past,
—/BAYARD TAYLOR.

A STRANGE LOVER. CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

There was a battered desk on the kitchen sideboard, from which the do-mestic took out what was required, and Aurelia wrote down her mother's adress. She supplemented it with the

dress. She supplemented it with the written inquiry—
"What is your name?"
"Biddle," was the reply; "widow the last twenty years; no husband or chick, child or friend in the world,"
A footstep in a walk close by cut short. the conversation, if so it may be called. Aurelia, by signs, intimated that they

were interrupted, and was hurrying down the path when Seth Hardman, with a cigar in his mouth, appeared. "Don't run away, Mrs. Marsh," he said; "I only want a few words with you. No: on my word, I am not going to talk nonsense to you."
"Kindly make your communication

as brief as possible," Aurelia said,
"Marsh is busy with the wine," said
Seth Hardman, "so you need not be so anxious to avoid me, Mrs. Marsh. Did it never strike you that I am your "I have not been able, hitherto, to look upon you in that light," Aurelia

"In all truth." he returned, "I am your friend, and I want to ask you one question. Is this house your own choice as a place of abode?"

"You know it is not, or why should I have asked if it was yours?"
"Marsh assures me that it is, and de-clares your distate for it to be all sham. But if you say that you had no voice in taking it, I believe you. The question then comes, why are you brought here?"
It was this question that Aurelia had asked herself: the question put by Mrs. Biddle; and now it emanated from the man whom she believed to have been chiffy instrumental in the business.
What did it all mean?
"Is it worth your while to deceive

me?" she asked, after a pause.
"No," he replied, "it is not. I can gain nothing by it that I know of. To be frank with you, I find that you are a different women to what I expected. However, I will not quarrel with you. It is possible for a rejected lover to be-

a very good friend.' come a very good friend."
"I am particularly anxious," said
Aurelia, "that there should be nothing
confidential between us."
"As you will," he said carlessly. "But

earn to look at me in a better light. If Marsh has brought you here with any sinister object with regard to you, I promise him that he shall not go un-

"I suppose I ought to be grateful,"

returned Aurelia.
"But you are not," he said; "and I can bardly expectit. I am but a very poor guardian to sit up aloft watching over any one. There are dark records in my life that shut out the possibility of my playing a double role. But I counsel you this far: Do not allow yourself to be left in this house alone with your husband?

Having given this warning with earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity, he raised his hat, turned his heel, and sauntered away.

CHAPTER VII. TWO PATHS OF DUTY.

Mary and her husband came back from their brief honeymoon, and entered at once upon their busy life—insepara-able from the career of a poor prac-

titioner.
Doctor Jecks had done his best to do Doctor Jecks and done his best to do double duty, but there were arrears in spite of his energy, and Gordon Gray had to spend his first evening from home looking after the sick and poor.

He went out cheerfully that first

He went out cheerfully that first vening: but for Mary's sake, called on Mrs. Bevan, to ask her if she would go over to the surgery and take her hus-band, to spend a few hours with the was thinking of coming over,"

Mrs. Bevan said.
"By-the-way," said Gordon Gray,
"have you heard from Aurelia?"
Mrs. Bevan could not do less than
confide in him the story of Aurelia's

visit home, and the intelligence received only that morning announcing the tak-ing of the White House, "I know the place," said Gordon Gray,

gravely. There was a Well!—
it's not a nice place to live in. It is very lonely, and quite shut in from the "I am very miserable about Aurelia." Mrs. Bevan replied. "Poor child! I fear she has fallen into bad hands."

He went away in a troubled state of mind. He could make as little of the mystery of Aurelia's marriage as Mrs. Bevan. "Why," he asked himself, "did the fellow seek her at all? It looks as if

he had some hidden purpose in marrying
her."

The idea took possession of him, and
he confided all he knew at a later hour
to Doctor Jecks, who could make noth-We must wait until a letter come

from her," he said. "If she does not write in a day or two, you had better go over. Meanwhile, say nothing to your rife: after all, there may be no cause

Two days passed and no letter came.

Mrs. Bevan's anxiety deepened, and Audrey Bevan, acting on her advice, expended a shilling in a telegram—

"Hope you are comfortable in your new home."

ew home."
Before night a reply came each.
"All well. Will write to morrow."
So far, there was relief. Nothing acrous need be apprehended. The letter, sowever, was looked forward to with

She said her home was "quiet," and ested in a feeble manner about her one deaf servant." None of the neigh-ners had called, or seemed likely to all, and "Bowley had taken to gurden-ie."

"He goes about with a spade, and digs in the shrubberies, and all sorts of odd places. He says he must do something to amuse himself in this dull place, and there is, indeed, plenty for him to do. The grounds are over-run with briars and weeds. He is kinder to me than he was, and I have nothing more to say against Mr. Hardman. It it possible that I could be happy here if you were nearer to me. Bowley says that if Mary would like to run over for a day or so, he would be glad to see her."

"This is brave news." said Mrs. Be-

It was so different to what she expected that it lightened her heart of
the chief weight of her burden; although when analysed, as Gordon Gray
mentally analysed it, there was nothing
particularly comforting in the letter.

He, however, joined in the approving
comments uttered by the others, and
volunteered to spare Mary early in the
coming week.

coming week.

"For one day only," he said jocosely.
"You shall go over on the Monday, and on the Tuesday afternoon I shall come for you."
"But will it be right to take Mary

"Your you?" Mrs. Bevan asked.
"Mary had better go," said Gordon On his return home, he left Mary for a few minutes to attend to something in the surgery. It was a little matter in which he stood in need of Doctor

in which he s Jecks' advice. The old practitioner was busy making up the books of the day in the dispens-ing-room. He looked at Gordon in

"Anything up?" he asked.
"Anything up?" he asked.
"Nothing professional," Gordon answered. "It is domestice."

He gave the doctor an outline of the

letter received from Aurelia, dwelling particularly on the parts relating to Bowley Marsh's sudden passion for dig-ging, and the newly developed amiability toward his wife.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Looks bad," said the old doctor.

"Then you think—?" Gordon

"Yes; just what you think," was the

Por a few moments both were silent.

Octor Jecks closed the book, filled his ipe, and began to smoke.
"What is to be done?" asked Gordon

"What can you do?" said the other.
"One safe thing to do would be for you
to spare your wife for a week, so that
she could see what is going on."
"And if he should kill her too!"

"He will not do that. He is anxious for Mrs. Gray to go down, and while she is there he will, no doubt, be all honey. That will be the blind. His motive for murder I begin to see." What is it?"

"He is jealous of his friend-" "Doctor Jecks, I-'

"Doctor Jecks, I—"
"Oh! do not get upon stilts. I know there is no cause for his jealousy, but that goes for nothing. He is jealous."
"Then why does he not get rid of his friend?

"Ah! that is the one thing I don't know. But jealous he is; and I think it is his intention to kill both, bury them in his grounds, and then give out that they have run away together." Gordon Gray looked hopelessly at this explosion of the situation, but made no

reply, "At present I only see in part," Doctor Jecks went on; "by and-by I hope to see the whole. It is a strange story altogether, and would not be a bit like real life, if real life were not full of

marvellous things."

Gordon Gray rose up, and took his hat from a chair on which he had placed

You think you have hit upon the ight thing?" he said.
"As far as murder goes," replied Doctor Jecks. "Yes, the

"It is like sending one swife into a den inhabited by some dangerous beast."
"So it is; but she had better go. You need not give her any hint about watch-ing and noting things; her womanly intinets will prompt her to that part of the business. When she comes back stricts winess. When she comes back ask her half a dozen questions, which I will prepare for you, and her answers will tell us how far we are justified in our fears."
Gordon Gray went home, pondering over

what the doctor had said. It appeared to him that the shrewd old man was not far out in his surmises, but still there was much hidden from the mental

He thought he would confide in Mary notwithstanding the advice he had re-ceived; but his heart failed him when he saw the smile of welcome on her bright,

saw the smile of welcome on her bright, young face.
During his absence she had prepared supper. It was only cold meat and a salad, but with the woman he loved at the table it was a feast for the gods. How different to the old solitary supper, with a book before him to prolong the meal and take him from the thoughts that the way to all leads were

that come to all lonely men.
"It is hard to have any shadow in our

"It is hard to have any shadow in our lives, he thought.

"I hope that there will be no patients wanting you this evening." Mary said.

"Would it be very wicked to say you were out, if anybody should come?"

"Possibly a white lie might be excusable," replied Gordon, with a deprecatory shake of the head. "A message comes with an immediate call; a man or woman is taken ill and dying; you rush off and find the sufferer quietly sleeping. Another brings word that so andso is ill—no more; you think there is not much in it, and delay for an hour. That delay is fatal, the patient has taken a turn for the worse, and no medical man can save him."

man can save him."
"Did you ever know of such a case?" asked Mary.
"Yes, once," he said. "It was a young

ries, once, he said. It was a young girl, who appeared to be without a friend in the world. She worked in a boot factory and lived alone. She was above that class of worker, and never mixed with her fellows. One day she was absent, and nobody thought much of it. But late in the afternoon she was heard raving in her room, sad I was sent for. The messenger simply said the girl was ill, and I did not go im-

the girl was ill, and I did not go immediately."

"And when you went?"

"She was dead. In her delirium she had risen up and throws herself from the window. Nobody was tending her. Now, if I had gone at first, I should have seen that watching was necessary. Poor girl! I tried to think she was best out of unisery, but one can't quite make things fit that way."

"And after she was dead?"

"She was buried, my dear Mary; hidden away in a grave to which she was

TALNACE AT HOME.

ooklyn Divine Holds F in the Tabernacie

to an Overflowing Congregation on "The Sunries."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. At the opening of the service the hymn beginning,

Wascome, sweet day of rest,
Thest naw the Lord strice,
Was sung with the effect. Dr. Talmage's
subject was: "The Sunrise," and his text:
"The day is at hand." Romans xiii, 12.

Back from the mountains and the sea-side, and the aprings, and the farm-house, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hall you home again with the words of Gehari to the Shunammite: "In it well with thee? is it well with thy husband! is it well with the child!" On some aces I see the mark of rec ent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of

along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphoreacne. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains twelve thousand feet above the level of the see, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific cosst, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing beach, or whether it is the joy of standing

coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the geodness of God, I cannot tell. I samply know I am grandly and zloriously and inexpressibly happy. It is said that John Moffett, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am fall of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the key note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this organ—a new trumpet stop—and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. That man has no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee! Do you suppose that the councils meant nothing when he said of Christ; "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Vernal fulls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life! I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the casades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them and analyze them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy unywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recent

where, Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stelling collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tumults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switchtender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way! Christian geologists tell us that this world was million of years in building. Well now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to instonly six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human forebooing. The sun rose this morning at about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the world.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled! By men of war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey! By the Guiff Stream of human blood! By the pathway of nations incarnadined! No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph

We in this country might better have set-

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the north: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the burchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the south: "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The north replied: "I won't pay a cent." The south replied: "I won't sail." War! War! A million feed men, and a astional debt which might have ground this astion to powder. Why did we not it william H. Soward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgies, so out and spend a few days

reservation. A general of the United State army, in high repute throughout this in-

Inherita large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornicious are silken and golden. Here is my sister a grave. Ont yonder, under the large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until after a while I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off of my premises?" Jeot this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and most me? You blandly say: "On a lower more than you do. I belong to a lower more than you do. I belong to a lower more than you do. I belong the my market and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and fired by their hardships I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky mountains. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's Judgement, I would rather there be a blood suncared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation? One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage, and never the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the ear, and through steamboating and ralloreding dista

of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axie of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the worlds damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough, the Asintic cholera. Enough, the wars Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the confiagrations, I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. shipwrecks. Enough, the configgrations, I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatorica open toward the heavens, and the leases of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanes all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of depotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darlness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddoning into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether whito or red, for him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand?"

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness! Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus! Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Issuah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Milachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, we believe that it is soing to be ail garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone procession of prosperities and triumphs Better be on the lookout. Better have you

colling am we are coming on toward a ma nificent terminus. Then every winter pas id is one severity less for our poor worl Then every summer passed by brings cears unfading arborescence. Put you lighter down on the top of your bible as it is at 2, if it is nearer moraling at 6 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yes strike noon. The sun and the moon stood atili once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you bolieve arithmetic as well as your Hible, you must believe we are assert the face.

reservation. A general of the United States army, in high repeate throughout this inner, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Caristian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of contest.

heacenly world may, after a white, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a white from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment, we call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term te cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is, I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: that the veil between this and the next is getting thinner and thiner, and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptual warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against uprighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Ked Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up ail the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire heath and turned these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line eroady for the fray, And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the beavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and pa

scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service! It shall not be so. I step out to day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of Ged, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tengues forked and viperine and adderous. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth we cannot glorify with him in heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at land."

Tom Edison Among the Kings.

Thomas A. Edison, the greatest inventor the world has ever known, is now receiving honors in Europe from the hereditary royalities who are of far less use to the world than he. There have been inventors before whose discoveries have revolutionized the industries of the world-men like Gutenburg, Watt, Stevenson, Whitney, Ful-ton, Morse and Ericsson; but it is doubtful if there has ever lived a man of such versatile inventive genius, of such bold originality in conceiving, and of such painstaking patience in carrying out his marvelous conceptions as Thomas A. Edison. His invention of the telephone, of the electric light, and the phonograph, each in itself honor enough to immortalize a man, places him at the top of the list of the great inventors-not to mention his innumerable minor inventions, many of them of greatest utility to mar

them of greatest utility to mankind.

Measuring him by the standard of
the practical good he has done the
world what man is worthier of honor
than Mr. Edison? Surely none of our living statesmen-members of congress, governors and diplomats-are to be compared with him in this re-spect. We have probably produced no poet or literary man who will be remembered longer than he. Consider-ing the wonderful inventions that may still lie in a formative state in his mind, there is surely no man whose death

would be a greater loss to the country.

The kings of Europe cannot honor Edison by granting him receptions and giving him titles. In accepting these gifts at their hands he honors them. Surely Tom Edison, the ragged news boy, and impecunious telegraph operator, honors any king to whom he con-descends to speak. He is the biggest cing of the whole crowd .- Yankee

A Negro Curlosity. In Elbert county, near Craft's Ferry, on the Savannah river, lives a negro who goes by the name of "Sheep Jess," who is a curiosity. His hale and whiskers are perfectly white and almost cover his head and face, leaving only small patches of dark skin around his eyes and nose, and a perfact imitation of sheep's wool. hair or wool grows rapidly and his wife shears him every two weeks, thereby realizing enough wool to sup-ply Jess, his wife, and five children with stockings the year round, and sells enough socks to supply them with sugar and coffee. His wife has nearly enough of the finest part of the wool saved to make cloth for a suit of clothes for Jess next winter. He is about 35 years old.

A Doelle Gorilla.

An English trader at Ngove, on the outhwest coast of Africa, has had for some time a young female gorilla whose docility is described as remarkawhose docility is described as remarka-ble. Jeanie, as the baby gorilla has been named, sleeps with her master and tries to follow him whenever he goes, weeping like a child if left be-hind. She recently accompanied him on a journey of twenty miles or more. on a journey of twenty miles or more, walking all the way. She has acquired many civilized tastes and habits and will drink tea, etc., out of a cup or glass, displaying the utmost carefulness not to break the vessel.

London's new democratic government an't given to overmuch economy. The chairman of the new council has been voted a \$12,000 salary, the deputy chairman \$10,000, and none of the deartment heads receives less than \$10. 000 a year.

Johnny (watching his big brother dig angle worms for balt)—"I say, Hob, if a worm will catch a little fish, wouldn's a anaks catch a whopper!"—Grip.

The Proper Recipe-de you find yourself! self. If I did I suppe

THE ARIZONA KICKES

The Joys and Sorrows of a West

We extract the following from ast issue of the Arisona Kie MANY THANKS.—On Tuesday last we were seized with an attack of Apache olic, and within ten minutes from the time the grip first took hold we were tied in seven kinds of hard knots and wanted a mule team to hold us. Is should be explained that this colic is next door door to Asiatic cholers, and when it takes hold it means business at wholesale ratea,

We were seriously ill for two days and nights, during which time we had scores of callers and our friends were anxious to extend every aid. During the ten hours in which it was thought we must turn up our toes business was mostly suspended in town, and our condition was pulletined every fifteen minutes. Our warmest thanks are due to our friends and acquaintances and the public generally. We are now about well again and shall be more careful in future. This town can't afford to lose us just now, and we realize more than ever that our death would be a serious set-back to the entire state.

CORRECTION.—Some three weeks since the Kicker made the statement that Charley Johnson, proprietor of the Iron Roof whisky hole on Apache avenue, was driven out of Tucson for his general bad character, and we threw out a suggestion that our vigilance committee might hit the nail on the head by attending to his case. Mr. Johnson has called at the Kicker office and shown us letters which satisfy us that we made a mistake. Instead of being a bad man, he is a very humble and contrite individual, perfectly willing to be kicked and cuffed about, and he left Tucson because the people objected to his breath, which is not exactly identical with new-mown hay. His breath is all right here, and he proposes to take right hold and become one of us and ald in the work of making this town a second

Chicago. WE DEFY THEM .- At the list session of the Common Council Ald. Jim Jackson got his bow legs under him and stood up to remark that he was in favor of taking the city printing away from the Kicker because of our abuse of that official body. The city printing! Ye gods! All our bill amounts to for the last quarter is seventy cents! Yes, we had talked pretty plain to the aldermen. There isn't an honest one in the whole gang. There isn't a man of them who isn't soaked in whisky two-thirds of the time, and who wouldn't lie, cheat, steal, rob or embezzle on the slightest provocation. As a gang, they ought to be sent to state prison on general principles, and the sooner the better. If the council imagines that the Kicker will keep still on them for fifteen cents a week it is

making a great mistake. Nor YET .- We are not yet authorized to write "P. M." after our name, but we are working hard and will have the postmastership of this office or lose a leg. The present incumbent is a bloke of the first water and has got to let go. We have written Mr. Wanamaker several confidential letters and have forwarded him several communications reflecting public opinion, and although he seems inclined to hang off on us, it is only a question of time when he must give in. We know that we are the only man in town fitted to be postmuster, and it will either come to us or Mr. Wanamaker will

not last six months. ALWAYS AT HOME. -- Coroner Tom Blackman, when summoned to hold an inquest on the dead body of ."Redheaded Perkins," the gambler who committed suicide two weeks ago, was so befuddled with poor whisky that we acted like a fool. We had to step in and do the business for him, and because the Kicker gave him some good advice in its next issue he is now blowing around that he has camped on our trail and means to have our life.

Rats! If Tom Blackman wants our scalp let him come for it. We are always at home the whole twenty-four hours through, and we believe that he can take good care of ourself. He can come with shotgun or tomahawk-day or night-alone or in company. We shall do our best to drop him before he does us, and in case we are asked to hold the inquest on him it shan't cost the county a cent. We'll do even better-we'll give him as fine an obituary notice as would cost him \$100 in Chicago. - Detroit Free Press.

About Dogs. Spitz dogs should be provided with

Because a shepherd dog is skillful in

folding sheep, that is no reason for supposing that he could be utilized for paper folder. The African bloodhound is more

against African blood was so much greater. A full-blooded dog is one whose blood would measure about nineteen

popular than it was when prejudice

quarts. To determine whether or not your dog is full-blooded, bleed him. A coach dog is never happy unless he is able to keep a coach. In the absence of that, however, his tail will

keep a waggin'. The length of a dog varies, but when turned into a yard he is always three

A dog may be a good setter and yet never hatch out anything. A man once called his dog Proof Render because he was a good pointer; see? or will it be necessary for us to punctuate this?—Texas Siftings.

A Besie of Coloniation Miss Luiu Strike (to lawyer)—I want to bring legal action against a monster who has trampled on my af-

Lawyer-Ah, yes, that's very. At how much do you he damages to your incorated Miss strike—Well, be's we